

Peacham, Oct. 4, 1862.

My dear Wife:

I was just twelve hours in reaching this place yesterday - i. e., leaving the Boston depot at half past 7, <sup>A. M.</sup> and getting here at half past 7, P. M. The distance is about two hundred miles. I met Oliver at Bellows Falls, according to appointment, he having arrived there about three quarters of an hour in advance of me. It is a beautiful and picturesque place, has a fine large hotel, and usually draws a good many visitors to it during the summer season. The day was somewhat sombre, but the rain had effectually laid the dust, which is usually a great annoyance on a long journey. Our nearest depot to Peacham was Barnet, - eight miles to <sup>Leonard</sup> ~~George~~ Johnson's house, which distance occupied two and a half hours, over a very hilly road, in a wagon. Oliver's brother met us at the depot, and drove us to his home, which is some-



what lonely, being two miles from the village. Of course, we had a welcome reception. I had a sound night's sleep, and awoke this morning greatly refreshed. This forenoon we spent in visiting a married daughter of Mr. Johnson, (Mrs. Clark,) who heard me lecture four years ago at McAdoo's Falls, and then had her first-born babe in her arms. She now has four children — two boys and two girls — the youngest being three weeks old. If this is a sample of the increase in the State generally, Vermont ought soon to be a populous State.

This afternoon, there has been quite a party at Mr. Johnson's house, brought together to see Oliver and myself — among the number, the Rev. Mr. Bortelle, the Orthodox minister in whose house I am to speak to-morrow afternoon. It has been a pleasant social occasion.

I have not yet been able to see much of Pencham, for the weather has been lowering; and while I am writing this, in the evening, the lightning is flashing, the wind is roaring through the forest, and the as-



pect of the heavens looks wildly tempestuous. It will probably clear off cold in the morning, for the day has been uncomfortably warm. Should the weather prove fair to-morrow, no doubt I shall have a good audience, as there is a good deal of curiosity to see an honest and sincere believer in the self-evident truths of <sup>the</sup> Declaration of Independence.

It is eight years since Oliver visited his native place. Of course, he has to make a great many inquiries about the people, and finds a great many changes have taken place since that time. He tells me that he was born in a log-cabin, and points out to me the fields wherein he used to labor. How eventful and remarkable has been his whole career!

We have not yet laid out our programme of travel; but we shall probably go from here (after remaining three or four days longer) to West Randolph, then to Montpelier, then to Burlington, Lake George, &c. I cannot, therefore, give you any directions about writing to me, until I send you another letter.



The forests are every where looking gloriously, in their many-colored hues.

The White Mountains are plainly visible from this place, though fifty miles distant.

I forgot to say to you that I wish (if you approve) that Franky would tell Mr. Seaver to strike off one dozen of the best of your photographs, with bust and dress — and one dozen of the best head of the lot that we selected; or, if you prefer, half a dozen of the bust, and half a dozen of the one that Wendell liked best. Do exactly as you desire in choosing — and distribute them as you like.

Fanny can sit for her photograph, if she choose — or wait till I return home. I am anxious to get a first-rate one, and you can all judge as well without as with me.

Unless Mary is careful in using the paper to make pies, she may run short before I return home. Frank can get a supply in my editorial room at the office, on the floor. My heart's overflowing love to you all.

Devotedly yours, W. L. G.